Design

We had it vast and busy, so ab-
stracted. Where to move?

To a no-return, the too a-
brupt, seized, spun-
brittle? A sort of sand?

The risk of losing
is everything worthy

of lovers--and we must begin to love
those bartering behind (another form

of suicide). They've wearied telling
us to lighten, till now our old dance fits
their quickened eyes

as they move naturally, in order
to betray. What they brightly steal

can never finish well.
We become the clowns of

spite to poison
what is passing.